Gent. Baſe ſpirit,
To laie thy hate vpon the fruitfull *They fight and the*
Honor of thine own bed. *Husbands hurt.*
Hu. Oh,
Ge. Woult thou yeeld it yet?
Hu. Sir, Sir, I haue not done with you,
Gent. I hope nor nere ſhall doe. *Fight agen.*
Hu. Haue you got tricks are you in cunning with me.
Gent. No plaine and right.
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
Huſband falls downe.
Hu. Hard fortune, am I leueld with the ground?
Gent. Now ſir you lie at mercy,
Hu. I you ſlaue.
Ge. Alas that hate ſhould bring vs to our graue:
You ſee my ſword's not thirſty for your life,
I am ſorrier for your woonde then your ſelfe,
Y'are of a vertuous houſe, ſhow vertuous deeds
Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleedes,
Much good has bin expected in your life,
Cancell not all mens hopes, you haue a wife
Kind and obedient: heape not wrongfull ſhame
On her your poſterity, let only ſin be ſore,
And by this fall, riſe neuer to fall more.
And ſo I leaue you. *Exit.*
Hu. Has the dogg left me then
After his tooth hath left me? oh my hart
Would faine leape after him, reuenge I ſaye,
Ime mad to be reueng'd, my ſtrumpet wife:

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